

WEEKLY



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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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MR. EDITOR,

THE enclosed *Vision of Selim* is from an Italian manuscript, which came to my hands by accident, some years ago.

Thinking it might amuse, and perhaps instruct, some of your readers, I translated it for the Lady's Miscellany.

The author mentions, in an introductory sentence, that Selim resided, within a few miles of Constantinople, that he was a very studious young man, had become acquainted with many of the Christian manners and customs, and was rather disinclined to the wedded state, from having observed so many examples where happiness was wholly shut out from the matrimonial circle.

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE VISION OF SELIM.

"I was beckoned," said he, "by a tall and majestic figure, arrayed in robes of the purest white, with a countenance expressive of the most serene contentment; who thus addressed me: 'Behold in me, Oh, Selim, the *Genius of*

Wedlock, I am sent to thee by our most Holy Prophet, who has listened with an attentive and fatherly ear to thy prayers, and has witnessed all thy meditations. He who alone can duly appreciate good works like thine, has commanded the most faithful and humble of his servants to turn thy thoughts into the proper channel for preserving thy happiness while in this mortal world, and ensuring thy greater felicities in his most heavenly paradise hereafter. The great Alla has permitted his servant to enlighten thy mind on the subject of matrimony, and to dispel from thy thoughts the dark clouds of prejudice, which now obscure the bright sunshine of thy intellectual endowments. I am, therefore, commissioned to conduct thee to the residence of two of my votaries, that thou mayest, after a thorough examination of their manners and habits of living, judge for thyself on the great question of human life, namely, whether it be better to remain in the secluded and unsocial paths of celibacy, or turn into the thorny, but blessed and fruitful road of *Wedlock*." So saying, the *genius* waved his wand, and I immediately found myself seated in a magni-

A A

ficent car, by his side, in which we were borne through the air with the rapidity of lightning.

The *Genius* informed me, as we journeyed along, that we should be set down at the *Fork*, in the *Great road of Courtship*, where the two divisions of the road lead through the Temple of Wedlock, one of them to the residence of *Conjugal Felicity*, the other to the abode of *Matrimonial Discord*.

"It will be my business," continued he, "to conduct thee through these two roads alternately, and to explain as we walk along, such things as may not be comprehensible to thy mortal capacity." He further informed me that I must not be surprised at finding no person with a plurality of wives, in the roads through which we should travel, for although our Holy Prophet had thought proper to allow that indulgence to his followers, it was only with a view of ensuring their obedience to his precepts in other particulars, as he strongly recommended the practice of loving and cherishing one only wife.

When we alighted, I found myself in the midst of a vast concourse of persons of both sexes, who were all busily engaged in selecting the partners with whom they were to travel up one of the two great roads before us.

Some few appeared to proceed very deliberately in their choice, but the greater number formed their connexions upon the mere

whim of the moment, or as their fancies dictated. I was wondering within myself why the *Genius* had left me, when I was accosted by a sprightly young female, who immediately whispered in my ear that she was no other than the *Genius* himself, who had assumed that form, that he might still be my conductor; it being necessary, in order to avoid an appearance of singularity, (previous to entering either of the roads) that I should have some female companion. He accordingly put his arm in mine, and bidding me remark the different characters as they passed, we entered the road on the left hand.

I soon perceived that far the greater part of the multitude crowded into this avenue, and though I could have wished to have had leisure to observe my fellow travellers, we were so hurried on by the crowd, that I found sufficient employment for some time, in looking to my own safety.

Most holy prophet! exclaimed I, can this possibly be one of the roads to the temple of wedlock? no step towards which, I should think ought to be taken without due deliberation and forethought; or can we suppose these infatuated muselmens have no sense of the great errand they are journeying on?

We had now somewhat disengaged ourselves from the throng, and had a little leisure to notice and remark the heedlessness with which some of our cotemporaries

ran through this probationary road, which, the *Genius* said, had no doubt been intended by the supreme, and all-wise Alla, as a passage of deliberation, previous to our engaging in the solemn contracts which are exacted from us on passing through the *Temple*. They not only disregarded all advice, but hurried through the road with all the speed they were capable of. I observed some, who, having (as I was informed by my conductor) taken to themselves some particular privileges, which were lawfully allowed only to those who had passed through the *Temple*, appeared to lag behind the rest, and of this class, I could perceive that though the females strove to press forward, they were kept back by the men, who appeared rather unwilling to proceed. I expressed my surprise to the *Genius*, at noticing a young man, who, (though he appeared scarcely to have reached that age, at which our youths leave the *Seraglio*) had taken to himself a partner old enough to be his father's mother. But the *Genius* told me to observe a small box under the lady's arm, which, he said, contained her jewels and riches, and was the only attractive charm she possessed. Oh, Avarice! thought I, to what ignoble actions dost thou reduce us.

My conductor told me there were many others of this same description on the road, and that notwithstanding the infirmities of age

and the weight of the load on one side, I might observe they pressed forward with as great impatience and velocity, as their younger competitors.

We had now nearly gained the *Temple*, when we were met by a party of gay young men, without any female companions, who made the air resound with their riotous mirth. The *Genius* informed me that the companions of some of those had been taken from them either by sickness, or by some rival admirer, and that the others were the young men I had noticed before, who appeared unwilling to proceed towards the *Temple*, but having been pressed forward to the portico by their partners, had there broken their promises, and abandoned their deluded companions. Some of these deserted females remained at the gates of the *Temple*, beseeching every passenger to conduct them through, and others returned by the road they had just passed, execrating their deceivers, and (many of them) lavishing their smiles indiscriminately on all who passed. The *Genius* told me that some few of the females who had been so basely deceived, returned by an obscure and lonely path, to avoid the gay throng, which they now had reason to despise, and that so far from wishing to intrude themselves on the passing stranger, they sought to hide their shame from their nearest relatives, in solitude and retirement.

Merciful Alla ! exclaimed I, why is thy vengeance restrained from bursting on the heads of their base seducers, even in this life ! A punishment hereafter, on their guilty souls, cannot sufficiently revenge those heart-broken females ! " Suffer not those impious thoughts to trouble thy breast," replied the *Genius*, " be assured that infinite justice will not suffer the guilty conscience to triumph— for in this world, on the bed of death, (if not sooner) will the pains of hell overtake them.

On coming to the gate of the Temple, I noticed two figures who were employed in ushering in the new comers. One was a female, habited in the most voluptuous manner, whose lascivious deportment clearly bespoke her character. The other was a man with a meagre and half-starved countenance, dressed in tattered garments, holding in his hands a number of large keys, and seated on a pile of bags, that appeared to be filled with money. The *Genius* told me their names were *Lust*, and *Avarice*.

There appeared to be nearly an equal division in the multitude, about one half being introduced by *Lust*, and the other half by *Avarice*. The Temple very nearly resembled a mosque, in its interior, having an altar in its centre, and another entrance gate on our right hand, (which the *Genius* informed me opened from the other

great road of courtship) besides two large doors on the opposite, or back part of the building.

Through the right hand gate a number were now entering the Temple, and advanced promiscuously with our companions towards the altar, where they all went through some ceremony performed by a figure in the habit of a mufti, after which they again separated, and left the Temple through the two great doors on the opposite side. I could indeed perceive some who had entered with us at the left hand gate, that appeared anxious to join those who went out by the door on the right hand side, but it always happened that though one of the partners pressed towards the right, they were pulled back by their helpmates, and led through the door on the left.

This passage was opened by a figure dressed in the light and airy garments of Fashion, who bestowed her smiles upon all who approached her. The *Genius* told me her name was *Pleasure*. The other door was graced by an elegant female, habited in the neat and simple white of virgin purity, and attending with modest and downcast looks to the passengers, as they approached.

Her name was *Virtue*. Who, (thought I) would hesitate a moment in the choice of his road, when he once beheld these widely contrasted directresses.

The one captivated her votaries by her mild serenity, the other seduced her followers by her fashionable manners, and the gaiety of her air. The one invited you to tranquil and domestic bowers, where love and felicity should crown all your wishes; the other promised you mirth, feasting, and dancing, and every species of luxury and sensuality. The Genius informed me there had been some few instances, in which a couple, who had set out in the right hand road to the Temple, had been tempted by the splendour and gaiety of *Pleasure*, to go through the door which she opened, but it had generally happened that they had soon been satiated with the extravagance and levity of their companions, and had found means, by a steady perseverance, to regain the other road, through some of the steep and rugged paths which ascend the *heights* on which it was situated.

(*To be Concluded next week.*)

ANECDOTE OF
PROFESSOR JUNKER, OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF HALLE.

MANY who were personally acquainted with this celebrated character, have frequently heard him relate the following story:—

Being professor of anatomy, he once procured for dissection the bodies of two criminals, who had

been hanged. The key of the dissecting room not being immediately at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a closet, which opened in his own apartment. The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours, before he retired to bed. It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that by some mistake the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he arose, and taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack which contained the two bodies was rent through the middle! He approached and found that one of them was gone. The doors and windows were well secured, and he thought it impossible the body could have been stolen. He tremblingly looked around the closet, and observed the dead man seated in a corner. Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him: he moved both to the right and left; but the dead man still kept his eye on him.

The professor then retired, step by step, with his eye still fixed on the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand, until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up, and followed him. A figure of so hideous an

appearance, naked, and in motion, the lateness of the hour—the deep silence which prevailed—every thing occurred to overwhelm with confusion. He let fall the only candle he had burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his bed-chamber, and threw himself on the bed ; thither, however, he was pursued ; and he soon felt the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing. Repeated cries of “ leave me ! leave me ! ” released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, “ ah ? good executioner ! good executioner ! have mercy on me ! ”

Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer who he really was, and made a motion to call up some of the family. “ You wish, then, to destroy me,” exclaimed the criminal. “ If you call any one, my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of humanity, I implore you to save my life.”

The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night gown, and having made him take of a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet. “ It would have been a truly singular exhibition,” observed Junker, “ to have seen me at that late hour, engaged in a *tete-a-tete* with a dead man, decked out

in a night-gown.” The poor fellow informed him that he had enlisted as a soldier ; but having no great attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert ; that he had unfortunately entrusted his secret to a kind of crimp, a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman, in whose house he was to remain concealed ; that this woman had discovered his retreat to the officers of police, &c.

Junker was extremely perplexed how to save the poor man. It was impossible to retain him in his own house, and keep the affair a secret ; and to turn him out of doors, was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might conduct him into a foreign jurisdiction ; but it was necessary to pass the gates of the city, which were strictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dressed the man in some of his old clothes, covered him with a cloak, and at an early hour set out for the country, with his *protege* behind him. On arriving at the gate, where he was well known, he said, in a hurried tone, that he had been sent for to visit a sick person, who was dying in the suburbs. He was permitted to pass. Having both got into the open fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude ; and after receiving some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after, Junker having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the exchange by a man well dressed, and of the best appearance, he, who had been informed, was one of the most respectable merchants in that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, enquired whether he was not professor of Halle? And, on being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in an earnest manner, his company to dinner. The professor consented. Having reached the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment; where he found a beautiful wife, and two fine healthy children; but he could scarcely suppress his astonishment, at meeting so cordial a reception from a family, with whom he thought he was entirely unacquainted.

After dinner, the merchant taking him into his counting-room—"You do not recollect me?"—"Not at all." "But I well remember you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor. I am the person who came to life in your closet, and to whom you paid so much attention. On parting from you, I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, and was tolerably expert at accounts; my figure was somewhat interesting, and I soon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the interest of my patron, procured his confidence, and his daugh-

ter's love. On his retiring from business, I soon succeeded him, and became his son-in-law. But for you, however, I should not have lived to experience all these enjoyments. Henceforth look upon my house, my fortune, and myself, as at your disposal."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Charade for a "Novice."

My first, strange to tell, I declare,
Has neither beginning or end;
Of complexion, black, yellow, or fair,
And is often the pledge of a friend.

My second, is oft a retreat,
Where solitude loves for to stray;
Or sometimes where fond lovers meet,
Their vows and their homage to pay.

My whole, is the name of so pleasing a
poet,

Tho' a "Novice," I'm sure that his
verses don't shew it.

Julia Francesca.

An answer is requested.

ELLA TO ALBERTUS.

From "Miscellaneous Poems," by
Julia Francesca.

To thee, Albertus, Oh! a long farewell,
No more thy Ella's sigh shall reach
thine ear;

Nor thy warm cheek to meet it e're it
fell,

Shall catch from Ella's eye the falling
tear.

No, thou art false ! and heed no more
my love,

E'en nature's self, for Ella cannot
plead ;

Yet mark my words, remorse thine
heart shall prove,

And make thine inmost soul for Ella
bleed.

When some few months are past, and I
am cold,

When death shall rid thee of this hap-
less form,

When you the relic of our love behold,
'Tis then thine heart must feel the
beating storm.

When on the Cherub I shall leave, you
gaze,

And 'on it fix a father's tearful eye,

How will you wish the painful thought
to raze—

Albertus' falsehood bade his Ella die.

Infant of sorrow ! when I give thee
breath,

That fatal hour shall I mine own re-
sign :

Yet struggling with the icy hand of
death,

My pray'r, Albertus, be for thee and
thine !

And may the God, to whom my willing
soul

For boundless bliss, shall bid this
world farewell,

Endue thine heart with nature's soft
control,

And bid it with a parent's feeling
swell !

REBUS.

Three fourths of an animal rapid of
foot,

And the whole of a garment, tho' not
quite a coat,

Will give to the view what makes every
one smile,

The richest reward to the husbandman's
toil.

Julia Francesca.

Extracts by the same.

THE most true and genuine happiness of the human soul, is formed in the endearing confidence of an attachment, which consists in the mutual sincerity of both hearts. Here communication pleases and improves—here attention and respect gratify, while they warm, the beating heart, that watches the approach—the kind reception—the solicitude for success—the tear of doubt—the expectant ardour ripening into love, are momentary symptoms, which mark the objects of such a passion, and awaken in the heart the highest admiration for the bliss of heaven—in this commerce of society, a glorious partiality dignifies the choice, and harmony seems to involve two hearts in one—the hopes, the cares, the sentiments, and pursuits, are mutual, they are mutually adorned, participated, and soothed ; this union of hearts inspires a superior consciousness, that breaks down the image of sensuality—puts forth the delights of benevolence—fosters the glow of honour, and initiates the heart in the first duties of social life.

However some may laugh at sentiment, there is a value in the coin, which raises it above the price of sensuality, and gives it a superiority above the sprightly charms of unfeeling gaiety, or even the more

solid accomplishments of a cultivated understanding, and therefore, though perhaps not so strong and rigid, as firm and positively virtuous resolution—yet there is a captivating purity, in its silver ore, that will always preserve its sterling worth in every thinking mind.

Pity a creature whose heart is a tresspasser on his prudence ! who is unable to resist the impulses of nature, and whose soul, mounting high on wings soaring high above the regular progression of human affairs, sinks into perplexity.—Oh that the common feelings of the heart were always allowed to vent themselves—that we were at liberty to follow the impulsive ardor of pure affection, and were never obliged to restrain the exulting spirit of truth, and the glorious emanation of generous humanity.

A work has lately appeared in England, translated from the French of M. du Broca, entitled, “Interesting Anecdotes of the heroic conduct of Women, during the French Revolution.”

By those who delight to contemplate the dazzling sublimity of generous virtue, in glowing contrast with the blackest horrors of atrocious vice ; to view the softer sex, inspired by the calamity of the times, working on the strongest affections of nature, with a courage and energy not their own, this chronicle of memorable deeds, will be studied with enthusiasm.

Again will it call forth, for the consolation of weeping humanity, the often verified assertion, that periods of distress and commotion, are alike the parents of towering heroism, and gigantic crime.

Emerald.

“ In one of the western departments, a man, of the name of Le Fort, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire, to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison.

“ At the appointed hour, she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed on her husband to put them on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place.

“ The disguise succeeded to her wish ; Le Fort escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the following day.

“ Unhappy wretch !” cried one of the enraged committee. “ what have you done ? —“ My duty,” she replied, “ do thine.”

“ A prisoner, whose name was

Delleglace, was ordered to be conveyed from Lyons, to the Conciergerie, at Paris. His daughter, who had never quitted him a moment, from the time of his arrest, desired permission to travel with him in the carriage prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain ; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love ? Mademoiselle Delleglace, notwithstanding the weakness of her constitution, and laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, set off on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner, for more than an hundred leagues ; she sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed, and in the evening of every day, when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person, a covering, to administer to her father's wants in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

"The gates of the Conciergerie, which she reached at the same time with her father, now excluded her from his sight. Still the fortitude of this extraordinary woman did not give way. She had been accustomed to subdue the ferocity of jailors, and she could not be persuaded that she should plead for justice in vain before magistrates. Every morning, for three months, she implored the justice and humanity of some who had influence, and her virtuous

perseverance was rewarded with her father's liberation.

"What pen can express the excessive joy of this happy girl, when she carried the tidings to her father ? Exulting in her success, she next thought of conducting him back to his home and family. She fell ill at an inn on the road, worn out, no doubt, with the excess of fatigue, during this unparalleled exertion. She had not the good fortune to witness the utmost benefit of her enterprize ; she never quitted her bed, but died in her father's arms, still deeming herself happy to have saved his life, at the expense of her own."

Merit is often an obstacle to fortune, and the reason is, because it always produces two bad effects, envy and fear. Envy in those who cannot rise to the same degree of perfection, and fear in those who are established, and who dread, that by advancing a man possessed of more abilities and merit than themselves, they may be supplanted.

Retirement of the Young Roscius from the stage.

The London Courier, of August 2, says—"After a most successful engagement at Cheltenham, Master Betty last week repaired to Stratford upon Avon, for the purpose of finishing his dramatic career at the birth-place of our inimitable Shakespeare.—It will rea-

dily be supposed, that a youth, whose histrionic talents burst forth in such an extraordinary degree, and at an age before unknown, must feel an almost enthusiastic inspiration, while treading the classic ground, on which our immortal bard "warbled his native wood-notes wild." The arduous characters, which he supported on this occasion, were *Hamlet*, and *Richard*, and never did he appear to greater advantage, or more admirably pourtray the varied passions, by which those Princes, so unlike each other, are oppressed and agitated. His perfections, however, in both parts are sufficiently known to the public; and while his ardent imagination seemed to tell him that the anxious shade of Shakespeare hovered near, it was natural, that, in addition to his former merits, he should on this occasion catch a portion of the poet's fire. The applause which he received on every side, was a just tribute to his talents and exertions.—Such has been the force of genuine merit over every attempt to crush it, that success has accompanied him even to the last, and he has now retired to the prosecution of his studies, as a Fellow Commoner of Christ's College, crowned with the wreath of well-earned fame."

On Monday last, a fool-hardy fellow, named Moore, a slater by trade, undertook, for the trifling wager of a gallon of porter, to ascend to the ball on the Spire of St.

Patrick's steeple, which a late thunder storm had thrown from its perpendicular direction. After passing to the upper scaffolding, which did not approach to within twelve feet of the terrific point of his destination, he clambered up by his hands and knees, and placed himself astride on the apex of the spire that had been thrown into a horizontal position. In this tremendous state of peril, he had continued but a few seconds, when, to the horror of the astonished spectators, *the whole gave way*, and with the ball, and about one ton of the fractured stone work, the unfortunate man was precipitated in a moment from a height of two hundred feet: his weight carried him through three of the stages, when his clothes became entangled, and exhibited him suspended between heaven and earth. Merciful providence, however, and his own exertions, enabled him to seize some of the scaffolding, and he succeeded in regaining safe footing. He came down through the church, and was carried off by the crowd, to *enjoy the triumph of a gallon of porter*, won at such a tremendous risk. The ball broke through to the fourth scaffold, and the stone work fell in St. Patrick's Close, without further injury, than tearing up the pavement, into which it sunk upwards of three feet.

Dublin paper.

It was a few years since, and probably now is, a custom of the

Mohawk Indians, to bury their dead in a sitting posture, and with their faces to the east. The occasion of this was a tradition, that at some future day, a great man would appear in the east, and call the dead to judgment. The posture they deemed the most convenient for rising; and by having their faces directed to that particular quarter of the heavens, it was intended that they should see the great man, as soon as he should appear. A suicide was buried with his head downwards, and his face towards the west. The reason of this being requested, they answered, that it was to remind him, when called to judgment, that he had been the murderer of himself.

FLATTERY.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers, and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart.

Sterne.

EJACULATION.

Time wastes too fast; every letter I trace, tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen—the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear *Jenny*, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more.—every thing presses on, whilst thou art

twisting that lock—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

ib.

Alcaph down the Cataract of Niagara.

Some few years ago, an Indian, lying asleep in his canoe, a few miles above the tremendous cataract, was, by accident or design, set adrift, and floated down with the current, till he was awakened by the roaring of the rapids, where the water first bursts into a cataract. He then rose, and extended his arms with astonishment and horror; but remembering that dignified resolution with which it has ever been the pi e of his countrymen to meet death in the most dreadful shapes, and having covered his head with a blanket, he composedly seated himself in his canoe, glanced down the rapids, and was plunged into the tremendous abyss."

THE KISS.

From the German of Mr. Gerstenberg.

When I was a youth, my father sent me to Paphos, to study love, which I there learnt of a Dryad.—Fair one, you may now learn of me what a kiss is. The Nymphs and Dryads never met to dance, without making me one of the par-

ty : for I was dedicated to the god of Love, and every thing within me expressed the sentiment.

At this tender age, I tasted the most pure pleasure. All Paphos, to me seemed to dance ; for the little loves dances over my head, and the flowers dances under my feet. Among the Dryads, there was one who affected always to chuse me for her partner ; she never failed to smile at me sweetly, to squeeze my hand, and blush afterwards, with all the graces of modesty. And I squeezed also the hand of the Dryad, and blushed when I danced with her. Ever before aurora had quitted the ocean, I was already in the grove, sporting with my amiable Dryad.

Sometimes I surprised her in the groves, where she had retired, amidst the thickest foilage, and where she wished to be discovered : sometimes she watched me when I hid myself, and, when she discovered me, fled, and I pursued, in hopes of overtaking her. But, all of a sudden, she would inclose herself in the bark of an oak, and elude my pursuit. And when I had sought her long in vain, she used to burst into loud fits of laughter : then I intreated her to come out of her place of concealment, and immediately I saw her issue, smiling, from the body of the tree.

One day that I was playing with my Dryad in the wood, she tenderly patted my cheeks, and said, " Press your lips against mine."

I pressed my lips against her's ; but, heavens ! what pleasure did I then experience ! No, the honey that flows from Mount Hymettus, is not so sweet ; nor the fruit of the vines of Sarentem ; even nectar, which Ganymede presents to the immortal Gods, is a thousand times less delicious.

Then she again glued her lips to mine. In the intoxication of my transport, I cried, Oh, incomparable beauty ! tell me the name of this exquisite pleasure, which glides into my very soul from thy lips, whenever our lips meet each other ? She answered, with a gracious smile, a—KISS.

LESSON FOR IDLERS.

Kang III. Emperor of China, in one of his excursions, observing a person sitting idle under a hedge, in a fit of rage, he ordered one of his attendants to strip him of his clothes, and make off with them : " a man," added he, " that does no work himself, must always cause some harm to other persons." Solon, the wise legislator of Athens, commanded the Areopagus to watch over the conduct of every citizen, and to punish those that were idle. The English proverb styles idleness " the devil's anvil," and some interpreters have laboured to prove, that the house, in scripture, into which bad spirits entered, was that of an idle man ; and that its being swept and garnished, meant merely that it contained nothing in it to occupy ci-

ther the mind or the body of its wretched possessor, but left them to the complete occupancy and dominion of any vice that was tempted by its vacuity, to take up its abode there.

Toil does keep
Obstructions from the mind, and quench
the blood ;
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and
sleep
Like opium, is our medicine, not our
food.

A profession of Christianity, merely because our countrymen profess it, without a candid enquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith, than the Mahometans have for theirs.

A man should begin to write soon ; for, if he waits till his judgment is matured, his inability, through want of practice, to express his conceptions, will make the disproportion so great between what he sees, and what he can attain, that he will probably be discouraged from writing at all.

Pleasure which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable, or unsuitable expence, must always end in pain ; and pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

We must consider how very little history there is ; I mean real authentic history. That certain

kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true ; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture.

The following curious, humorous, and it has been said, just description of Paris, forms a part of a letter, written by an "English Traveller," at Paris, and addressed to the Countess of Bristol, 1780.

MADAM,

What is Paris ? There never was a man, who could answer that question, Had I the hundred mouths, the hundred tongues, and the iron voice, mentioned by your favourite poets, Homer and Virgil, I could not reckon the half of its virtues, of its vices, or of its absurdities. What is Paris ? It is an assemblage of contradictions, a tissue of horrors and delights, both rendered more striking by their proximity. It is a country, full of giddiness, and profoundness, of great simplicity and extravagant pretensions. The contrasts would be endless. Here a veteran, grown grey in the service, and bearing in his bosom the proof of his bravery, walking in a public garden in woolen stockings, by the side of an opera girl, sparkling with diamonds. There a dancing master, in a brilliant chariot, laughing at an author, whom he has just splashed. Here an old Massalina, purchasing the caresses of some male prostitute. And there a foreign prince, exulting in the chains of a theatrical princess. What is

Paris? It is a vast, ugly, and shapeless city, full of wonders; it is the Athens of Europe; it is the epitome of the universe. It is, madam, in a word, a country where there is little genius, much wit, much taste, and an infinite number of pretty women, but where there is not a shape so perfect as your Ladyship's.

The great direction which Burton has left to melancholy men is, *Be not solitary, be not idle*; which I would thus modify. *If you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle.*

The principal, if not the only difference betwixt men of honesty and honour, seems to lie in their different motives; the object of the latter being reputation, and of the former, duty.

Negligence is the rust of the soul, which corrodes through all her best resolutions; we need only to sit still, and diseases will arise for want of exercise.

To admonish a man in the height of his passion, is to call a soldier to council in the heat of battle.

Our city Inspector reports the death of 34 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday morning, at Trinity Church, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. George Wilson, to Miss Mary Muir.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Lovell, Capt. Alexander Horn, to Mrs. Rachel Lorton, both of this city.

At Newport, by the Rev Mr. Dehon, Mr. John I. Robinson, merchant of this city, to Miss Ruth Gardner, daughter of Benjamin Gardner, Esq.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Tibaux, Mr. F. Faversux, to Miss Emily M. Hibbert, of St. Domingo.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Captain Joseph Osgood of Salisbury, Mss. to Miss Susannah Mann, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, at Bedford Westchester, Doctor Wm. H. Socket, of Greenwich, Con. to Miss Rebecca Holly, of Bedford.

On the 22d Sept. by the rev. Nicholas Chambers. the rev. James Cook, aged 60 years, to the amiable Miss Rebecca Chambers, aged 16 years, all of Maryland.

At Richmond, John Blair Esq. to Miss Margaret Page, daughter of the late governor of Virginia.

DIED,

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Letitia Skaats, aged 67 years.

THIS Miscellany is published in half-yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for one year, one dollar in advance—and the remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to pay in advance for the volume, or volumes, for which they subscribe.

Letters, *post paid*, enclosing the amt. will be strictly attended to.



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SWEET LIBERTY.

FAIR Anna has a soft blue eye,
That steals the soul we know not why;
Her auburn tresses graceful flow,
Adown a neck as white as snow;
Her form is cast in Beauty's mould—
Who can, unmov'd, such charms be
hold?

Yet, yet, when'ere I think of wedding,
My passion in an instant flies;
Domestic wranglings sorely dreading,
I dare not thus secure the prize.
Not softest eye of azure blue—
Not bosom of a snow white hue—
Not auburn locks—not form divine—
Can e'er induce me to resign

Sweet Liberty.

The sprightly Delia, young and gay,
Looks brighter then the opening day;
Enchanting smiles illumine her face,
Each word is wit—each motion grace:
And when she strikes the sounding lyre
My kindling soul feels all on fire.
Yet do not think I would disparage
Wedlock's pure and holy rite:
Yet, yet when'ere I think of marriage,
At once my love is put to flight.
Not music's captivating power—
Not wit enlivening every hour—
Not heavenly smiles—not sparkling eyes
Can ever make me sacrifice

Sweet Liberty.

Corrinna has vast store of gold,
Nor is she vary—very old;
Her park is amply stock'd with deer,

And bordered by a trout stream clear;
Her chariot swift flies through the street
Drawn by four steeds, high bred and
fleet.

Yet had she e'en Peruvian treasure,
And all Golconda's jewell'd store,
There is in freedom so much pleasure,
Our wedding day I should deplore.
Try me with gold's alluring bait—
With wooded park and large estate—
Yet, yet, though you may call it strange
For these I never would exchange
Sweet Liberty.

Young Cupid who was standing nigh,
Soon punish'd my weak vanity.
From out his quiver drew a dart,
And instant shot me through the heart.
Astonished by the sudden wound,
I started, and I gaz'd around,
My restless eye unquiet roving
Was fix'd at last on Emma's charms;
Then first I knew the sweet of loving—
Then first I knew its fond alarms.
I look'd—I trembled—look'd again—
I felt a dear delicious pain,
And cried, as soft ideas grew,
Be Emma mine, and then adieu

To Liberty

N. A.

AGENTS.

The following gentlemen will give receipts for the editor:—John Dabny, Esq. Salem, Mass. Benj. West, Esq. Providence, R. I. Mr. M. Shephard, Post-office, Hartford. Mathias Day, Esq. Newark. Alexander Coffin, Esq. Hudson. S. Morford, Esq. Princeton, N. J. G. W. Mancius Esq. Albany. T. Webster, Esq. General post-office, Washington city. and Mr. R. R. Thompson, Savannah, Geo.

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